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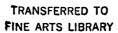
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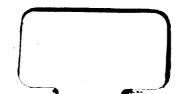
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Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ARTISTS

RAPHAEL

Vol. X. JANUARY 1902. No. 1

By ELBERT HUBBARD



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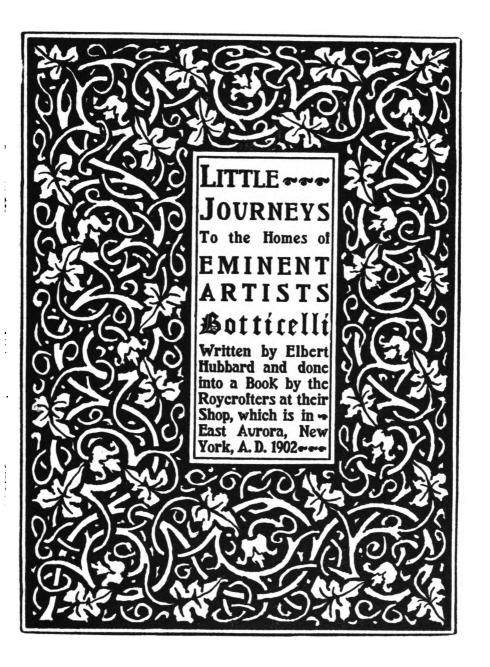
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Botticelli



In Leonardo's "Treatise on Painting," only one contemporary is named—Sandro Botticelli. * * * * * * The Pagan and Christian world mingle in the work of Botticelli; but the man himself belonged to an age that is past and gone—an age that flourished long before men recorded history. His best efforts seem to spring out of a heart that forgot all precedent, and arose, Venus-like, perfect and complete, from the unfathomable Sea of Existence.

WALTER PATER.

BOTTICELLI



NE Professor Max Lautner has recently placed a small petard under the European world of Art, and given it a hoist to starboard, by asserting that Rembrandt did not paint Rembrandt's best pictures. The Professor makes his point luminous by a cryptogram he has invented and for which he has filed a caveat. It is a very useful cryptogram; no well regulated family should be without itfor by it you can prove any proposition you may make, even to establishing that Hopkinson Smith is America's only stylist. My opinion is that this cryptogram is an infringement on that of our lamented countryman, Ignatius Donnelly. ¶ But letting that pass, the statement that Rembrandt could not have painted the pictures that are ascribed to him "because the man was low, vulgar, and untaught," commands respect on account of the extreme crudity of the thought involved. Lautner is so dull that he is entertaining.

"I have the capacity in me for every crime," wrote that gentlest of gentle men, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Of course he had n't, and in making this assertion, Emerson pulled toward him a little more

credit than was his due. That is, he overstated a great classic truth.

"If Rembrandt painted the 'Christ at Emmaus' and the 'Sortie of the Civic Guard,' then Rembrandt had two souls," exclaims Professor Lautner.

And the simple answer of Emerson would have been, "He had."

That is just the difference between Rembrandt and Professor Lautner. Lautner has one flat, dead-level, unprofitable soul that neither soars high nor dives deep; and his mind reasons unobjectionable things out syllogistically, in a manner perfectly inconsequential. He is icily regular, splendidly null.

Every man measures others by himself—he has only one standard. When a man ridicules certain traits in other men, he ridicules himself. How would he know that other men were contemptible, did he not look into his own heart and there see the hateful things? Thackeray wrote his book on Snobs, because he was a Snob, —which is not saying that he was a Snob all the time. When you recognize a thing, good or bad, in the outside world, it is because it was yours already.

"I carry the world in my heart," said the Prophet of old. All the universe you have is the universe you have within ##

Old Walt Whitman when he saw the wounded soldier, exclaimed, "I am that man!" And two thousand years before this, Terence said, "I am a man, and nothing that is human is alien to me."

I know just why Professor Lautner believes that Rembrandt never could have painted a picture with a deep, tender, subtle and spiritual significance. Professor Lautner averages fairly well, he labors hard to be consistent, but his thought gamut runs just from Bottom the weaver to Dogberry the judge. He is a cauliflower,—that is to say, a cabbage with a college education. (I Yes, I understand him, because for most of the time, I myself am supremely dull, childishly dogmatic, beautifully self-complacent.

I am Lautner.

Lautner says, Rembrandt was "untaught," and Donnelly said the same of Shakespeare, and each critic gives this as a reason why the man could not have done a sublime performance. Yet since "Hamlet" was never equalled, who could have taught its author how? And since Rembrandt at his best was never surpassed, who could have instructed him?

Rembrandt sold his wife's wedding garments, and spent the money for strong drink.

The woman was dead.

And then there came to him days of anguish, and nights of grim, grinding pain. He paced the echoing halls, as did Robert Browning after the death of Elizabeth Barrett when he cried aloud, "I want her! I want her!" (The cold grey light of morning came creeping into the sky. Rembrandt was fevered, restless, sleepless. He sat by the window and watched the day unfold. And as he sat there looking out to the East, the light

of love gradually drove the darkness from his heart. He grew strangely calm—he listened, he thought he heard the rustle of a woman's garments; he caught the smell of her hair—he imagined Saskia was at his elbow or or

He took up the palette and brushes that for weeks had lain idle, and he outlined the "Christ at Emmaus"—the gentle, loving, sympathetic Christ—the worn, emaciated, thorn-crowned, bleeding Christ, whom the Pharisees misunderstood, and the soldiers spit upon. [Don't you know how Rembrandt painted the "Christ at Emmaus"? [I do. [I am that man.





HORTLY after Sandro Botticelli had painted that most distinctly pagan picture, "The Birth of Venus," he equalized matters, eased conscience and silenced the critics, by producing a beautiful Madonna, surrounded by a circle of singing angels. Yet, George Eliot writes, there were wiseacres who shook

their heads and said, "This Madonna is the work of some good monk—only a man who is deeply religious could put that look of exquisite tenderness and sympathy in a woman's face. Some one is trying to save Sandro's reputation, and win him back from his wayward ways."

In the lives of Botticelli and Rembrandt there is a close similarity. In temperament as well as experience they seem to parallel each other. In boyhood Botticelli and Rembrandt were dull, perverse, wilful. Both were given up by teachers and parents as hopelessly handicapped by stupidity. Botticelli's father, seeing that the boy made no progress at school, apprenticed him to a metal-worker. The lad showed the esteem in which he held his parent by dropping the family name of Filipepi and assuming the name of Botticelli, the name of his employer.

Rembrandt thought his boy might make a fair miller, but beyond this his ambition never soared. Botticelli and Rembrandt were splendid animals. The many pictures of Rembrandt, painted by himself, show great physical vigor and vital power.

The picture of Botticelli, by himself, in the "Adoration of the Magi," reveals a powerful physique and striking personality. The man is as fine as an Aztec, as strong and self-reliant as a cliff-dweller. Character and habit is revealed in the jaw—the teeth of the Aztecs were made to grind dried corn in the kernel, and as long as they continued grinding dried corn in the kernel, they had good teeth. Dentists were not required until men began to feed on mush.

Botticelli had broad, strong, square jaws, wide nostrils, full lips, large eyes set wide apart, forehead rather low and sloping, and a columnar neck that rose right out of his spine. A man with such a neck can "stand punishment"—and give it. Such a neck is only seen once in a thousand times. Men with such necks have been mothered by women who bore burdens balanced on their heads, boycotted the corsetier, and eschewed all deadly French heels.

Do you know the face of Oliver Goldsmith, the droop of the head, the receding chin and bulging forehead? Well, Botticelli's face was the antithesis of this.

Most of the truly great artists have been men of this Stone-Age,—quality-men who dared. Michael Angelo was the pure type: Titian who lived a century (lacking one year) was another. Leonardo was the same fine savage (who in some miraculous way also possessed the grace of a courtier). Franz Hals, Van Dyck, Rem-

brandt and Botticelli were all men of fierce appetites, and heroic physiques. They had animality plus that would have carried them across the century mark, had they not drawn checks on futurity, in a belief that their bank balance was unlimited.

Botticelli and Rembrandt kept step in their history, both receiving instant recognition in early life and becoming rich. Then fashion and society turned against them—the tide of popularity began to ebb. One reinforced his genius by strong drink, and the other became intoxicated with religious enthusiasm. Finally both begged alms in the public streets; and the bones of each filled a pauper's grave.

Ruskin unearthed Botticelli, (just as he discovered Turner) and gave him to the Pre-Raphaelites, who fell down and worshipped him. Whether we would have had Burne-Jones without Botticelli, is a grave question, and anyway it would have been another Burne-Jones. There would have been no processions of tall, lissome, melancholy beauties wending their way to nowhere, were it not for the "Spring." Ruskin held up the picture, and the Pre-Raphaelites got them to their easels. At once all original "Botticellis" were gotten out, "restored" and reframed. The prices doubled, trebled, quadrupled as the brokers scoured Europe. By the year 1876 every "Botticelli" had found a home in some public institution or gallery, and no lure of gold could bring one forth.

At Yale University there is a modest collection of good

pictures. Among them is a "Botticelli"—not a great picture like the "Crowned Madonna" of the Uffizi, or "The Nativity" of the National Gallery, but still a picture painted by Sandro Botticelli, beyond a doubt. Recently Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, alumnus of Harvard, conceived the idea that the "Botticelli" at Yale would look quite as well, and be safer if it were hung on the walls of the new granite fireproof Art Gallery at Cambridge. Accordingly he dispatched an agent to New Haven to buy the "Botticelli." The agent offered fifty thousand dollars, seventy-five, one hundred—no. Then he proposed to build Yale a new art gallery and stock it with Pan-American pictures, all complete, in exchange for that little, insignificant and faded "Botticelli."

But no trade was consummated, and on the walls of Yale the picture still hangs. Each night a cot is carried in and placed beneath the picture. And there a watchman sleeps and dreams of that portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough, stolen from its frame, lost for a quarter of a century, and then rescued by one Colonel Patrick Sheedy, (philanthropist and friend of art) for a consideration, and sold to J. Pierpont Morgan, alumnus of Harvard (and a very alert, alive and active man).



SHORT time ago there shot across the artistic firmament a comet of daring and dazzling brightness. Every comet is hurling onward to its death: destruction is its only end: and upon each line and tracery of the work of Aubrey Beardsley is the taint of decay.

To deny the genius of the man were vain—he had elements in his character that made him akin to Keats, Shelley, Burns, Byron, Chopin and Stephen Crane. With these his name will in brother-hood be forever linked. He was one made to suffer, sin, and die—a few short summers, and autumn came with yellow leaves and he was gone. And the principal legacy he left us is the thought of wonder as to what he might have been had he only lived!

Aubrey Beardsley's art was the art of the ugly. His countenances are so repulsive that they attract. The psychology of the looks, and leers, and grins, and hot hectic desires upon the faces of his women are a puzzle that we cannot lay aside—we want to solve the riddle of this paradox of existence—the woman whose soul is mire and whose heart is hell. Many men have tried to fathom it at close range, but we devise a safer plan and follow the trail in books, art and imagination. Art shows you the thing you might have done or been. Burke says the ugly attracts us, because we congratulate ourselves that we are not it.

The Madonna pictures, multiplied without end, stand for peace, faith, hope, trustfulness and love. All that is fairest, holiest, purest, noblest, best, men have tried to portray in the face of the Madonna. All the good that is in the hearts of all the good women they know, all the good that is in their own hearts, they have made to shine forth from the "Mother of God." Woman has been the symbol of righteousness and faith.

On the other hand it was a woman—Louisa De la Rame—who said, "Woman is the instrument of lust." Saint Chrysostom wrote, "She is the snare the devil uses to lure men to their doom." I am not quite ready to accept the dictum of that old, old story that it was the woman who collaborated with the serpent and first introduced sin and sorrow into the world. Or, should I believe this, I wish to give woman due credit for giving to man the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge—the best gift that ever came his way.

But the first thought holds true in a poetic way—it has always been, is yet, and always will be true, that the very depths of degradation are only sounded by woman. As poets, painters and sculptors have ever chosen a woman to stand for what is best in humanity, so she has posed as their model when they wanted to reveal the worst.

This desire to depict villainy on a human face seems to have found its highest modern exponent in Aubrey Beardsley. With him man is an animal, and woman a beast. Aye, she is worse than a beast—she is a vam-

pire. Kipling's summing up of woman as "a rag and a bone, and a hank of hair" gives no clue to the possibilities in way of subtle, reckless, reaches of deviltry, compared with a single simple outline drawing by Beardsley ##

Beardsley's heroines are the kind of women who can kill a man by a million pin pricks, so diabolically, subtly and slyly administered that no one but the victim would be aware of the martyrdom—and he could not explain it. (As you enter the main gallery of statuary at the Luxembourg you will see, on a slightly raised platform, at the extreme opposite end of the room, the nude figure of a man. The mold is heroic, and the strong pose at once attracts your attention. As you approach closer you will see, standing behind the man, the figure of a woman. Her form is elevated so she is leaning over him and her face is turned so her lips are about to be pressed upon his. You approach still closer, and a feeling of horror flashes through you-you see that the beautiful arms of the woman end in hairy claws. The claws embrace the man in deadly grasp, and are digging deep into his vitals. On his face is a look of fearful pain, and every splendid muscle is tense with awful agony.

Now if you do as I did, you will suddenly turn and go out into the fresh air—the fearful realism of the marble will for the moment unnerve you.

This is the piece of statuary that gave Phillip Burne-Jones the cue for his painting, "The Vampire"; which picture suggested the poem, by the same name, to Rudyard Kipling.

Aubrey Beardsley gloated on the Vampire—she was the sole goddess of his idolatry.

No wonder it was that the story of Salome attracted him! Salome was a woman so wantonly depraved that Beardsley, with a touch of pious hypocrisy, said he dared not use her for dramatic purposes, save for the fact that she was a Bible character.

You remember the story:—John the Baptist, the strong, fine youth came up out of the wilderness crying in the streets of Jerusalem, "Repent ye! Repent ye!"

Salome heard the call and looked upon the semi-naked young fanatic, from her window with half-closed, cat-like eyes. She smiled, did this idle creature of luxury, as she lay there amid the cushions on her couch, and gazed through the casement upon the preacher in the street. Suddenly a thought came to her! She arose on her elbow—she called her slaves.

They clothed her in a gaudy gown, dressed her hair, and led her forth.

Salome followed the wild, weird, religious enthusiast. She pushed through the crowd and placed herself near the man, so the smell of her body would reach his nostrils, and his eye would range the swelling lines of her body of of

Their eyes met. She half smiled and gave him that look which had snared the soul of many another. But he only gazed at her with passionless, judging intensity

and repeated his cry, "Repent ye, Repent ye, for the day is at hand!"

Her reply, uttered soft and low, was this: "I would kiss thy lips!"

He turned away and she reached to seize his garment, repeating—"I would kiss thy lips—I would kiss thy lips!" ##

He turned aside, and forgot her, as he continued his warning cry, and went his way.

The next day she waylaid the youth again; as he came near she suddenly and softly stepped forth and said in that same low voice, "I would kiss thy lips!"

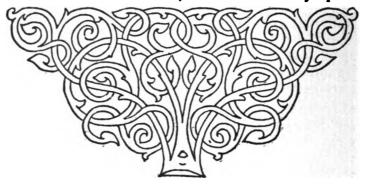
He repulsed her with scorn. She threw her arms about him and sought to draw his head down near hers. He pushed her from him with sinewy hands, sprang as from a pestilence, and was lost in the pressing throng.

That night she danced before Herod Antipas and when the promise was recalled that she should have anything she wished, she named the head of the only man who had ever turned away from her—"The head of John the Baptist on a charger!"

In an hour the wish is gratified. Two eunuchs stand before Salome with a silver tray bearing its fearsome burden or or

The woman smiles—a smile of triumph, as she steps forth with tinkling feet. A look of pride comes over the painted face. Her jeweled fingers reach into the bloodmatted hair. She lifts the head aloft, and the bracelets

on her brown, bare arms fall to her shoulders, making strange music. Her face presses the face of the dead. In exultation she exclaims, "I have kissed thy lips!"





HE most famous picture painted by Botticelli is the "Spring," now in the Academy at Florence. The picture has given rise to endless inquiry, and the explanation was made in the artist's day and is still made, that it was painted to illustrate a certain passage in Lucretius. This innocent little subterfuge

of giving a classic turn to things in art and literature, has allowed many a man to shield his reputation and gloss his good name. When Art relied upon the protecting wing of the Church, the poet-painters called their risky little things "Susannah and the Elders," "The Wife of Uriah" or "Pharaoh's Daughter." Lucas Van Leyden once pictured a Dutch wench with such startling and realistic fidelity that he scandalized a whole community, until he labeled the picture "Potiphar's Wife."

When the taste for the classics began to be cultivated, we had "Leda and the Swan," "Psyche," "Phryne before the Judges," "Aphrodite rising from the Sea;" and later, England experienced quite an artistic eruption of Lady Godivas. Literature is filled with many such naive little disguises as "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and Robert Browning himself caught the idea and put many a maxim into the mouth of another, for which he preferred not to stand sponsor.

Botticelli painted the "Spring" for Lorenzo the Mag-

nificent, to be placed in the Medici villa at Castello. The picture, it will be remembered, represents seven female figures, a flying cupid, and a youth. The youth is a young man of splendid proportions; he stands in calm indifference with his back to the sparsely clad beauties, and reaches into the branches of a tree for the plenteous fruit. This youth is a composite portrait of Botticelli and his benefactor, Lorenzo. The women were painted from life, and represent various favorites and beauties of the court. The drawing is faulty, the center of gravity being lost in several of the figures, and the anatomy of a quality that must have given a severe shock to the artist's friend Leonardo. Yet the grace, the movement and the joyous quality of the spring is in it all. It is a most fascinating picture, and we can well imagine the flutter it produced when first exhibited four hundred years ago.

Two figures in the picture challenge attention. One of these represents approaching maternity—a most daring thing to attempt. This feature seems to belong to the School of Hogarth alone—a school, which, let us pray, is hopelessly dead.

Cimabue and several of his pupils painted realistic pictures representing Mary visiting Elizabeth, but the intense religious zeal back of them, was a salt that saved from offending. Occasionally the staid and sober Dutch successfully attempted the same theme, and their stolidity stood for them, as religious zeal had done for the early Italians—we pardon them simply

because they knew no better than to choose a subject that is beyond the realm of art.

The restorers and engravers have softened down Botticelli's intent, which was originally well defined, but we can easily see that the effect was delicate and spiritual. The woman's downcast gaze is full of tenderness and truth. That figure when it was painted was history, and must have had a very tender interest for two persons at least. Had the painter dared to suggest motherhood in that other figure—the one with the flowered raiment—he would have offended against decency, and the art-sense of the world would have stricken his name from the roster of fame forever, and made him anathema.

More has been written and said, and more copies made of that woman in the flowered dress in the "Spring" than of any other portrait I can remember, save possibly the "Mona Lisa."

The face is not without a certain attractiveness; the high cheek bones, the narrow forehead, and the lines above her brow show that this is no ideal sketch—it is the portrait of a woman who once lived. But the peculiar mark of depravity is the eye—this woman looks at you with a cold, calm, calculating, brazen leer. Hidden in the folds of her dress or the coil of her hair, is a stiletto—she can find it in an instant—and as she looks at you out of those impudent eyes, she is mentally searching out your most vulnerable spot. In this woman's face there is an entire absence of wonder.

curiosity, modesty, or passion. All that we call the eternally feminine is obliterated.

"Mona Lisa" is infinitely wise, while this woman is only cunning. All the lure she possesses is the lure of warm, pulsing youth—grown old she will be a repulsive hag. Speculation has made her one of the Borgias, for in the days of Botticelli a Borgia was a Pope, and Caesar Borgia and his court were well known to Botticelli-from such a group he could have picked his model, if anywhere. Ruskin has linked this unknown wicked beauty with Machiavelli. But Machiavelli had a head that out-matched hers, and he would certainly have left her to the fool-moths that fluttered around her candle. Machiavelli used women, and this woman, has only one ambition and that is to use men. She represents concrete selfishness,—the mother instinct swallowed up in pride, and conscience smothered by hate. Certainly sex is not dead in her, but it is perverted below the brute. Her passion would be so intense and fierce that even as she caressed her lover, with arm about his neck, she would feel softly for his jugular, mindful the while, of the stiletto hidden in her hair.

And this is the picture that fired the brain of Aubrey Beardsley, and caused him to fix his ambition on becoming the Apostle of the Ugly.



O LIKEN Beardsley to Botticelli seems indeed a sin. The master was an artist, but Beardsley only gave chalk talks. His work is often rude, crude and raw. He is only a promise, turned to dust. Yet let the simple fact stand for what it is worth, that Beardsley had but one god and that was Botti-

celli. Most of the things Beardsley did were ugly; many of the things Botticelli did were supremely beautiful.

(I) Yet in all of Botticelli's work there is a tinge of melancholy—a shade of disappointment. The "Spring" is a sad picture. On the faces of his tall, fine, graceful girls there is a hectic flush. Their cheeks are hollow, and you feel that their beauty is already beginning to fade. Like fruit too much loved by the sun, they are ready to fall.

Botticelli had the true love nature. By instinct he was a lover, the proof of which lies in the fact that he was deeply religious. The woman he loved he has pictured over and over again. The touch of sorrow is ever in her wan face, but she possessed a silken strength, a heroic nature, a love that knew no turning. She had faith in Botticelli, and surely he had faith in her. For forty years she was in his heart; at times he tried to dislodge her and replace her image by another; but he never succeeded and the last Madonna he drew is the same wistful, loving, patient face—sad yet proud, strong yet infinitely tender.



N THAT piece of lapidary work, "How Sandro Botticelli saw Simonetta in the Spring," is a bit of heart psychology which, I believe, has never been surpassed in English ##

Simonetta, of the noble house of Vespucci, was betrothed to Giuliano, brother of Lorenzo the Mag-

nificent. Simonetta was tall, stately,—beautiful as Venus, wise as Minerva and proud as Juno. She knew her worth, realized her beauty, and feeling her power made others feel it, too.

On a visit to the villa of the Medici at Fiesole she first saw Sandro Botticelli at an evening assembly in the gardens. She had heard of the man and knew his genius. When they suddenly met face to face under the boughs, she noted how her beauty startled him. His gaze ranged the exquisite lines of her tall form, then sought the burnished gold of her hair. Their eyes met.

First of all this man was an artist: the art-instinct in him was supreme: after that he was a lover.

Simonetta saw he had looked upon her merely as a "subject." She was both pleased and angry. She too loved art, but she loved love more. She was a woman. If They separated, and Simonetta inwardly compared the sallow, slavish scion of a proud name, to whom she was betrothed, with this God's Nobleman whom she had just met. Giuliano's words were full of soft

flattery; this man uttered an oath of surprise under his breath, on first seeing her, and treated her almost with rudeness ##

She fought the battle out there, alone, leaning against a tree, listening to the monotonous voice of a poet who was reading from Plato. She felt the disinterested greatness of Sandro, she knew the grandeur of his intellect—she was filled with a desire to be of service to him. Certainly she did not love him—a social abyss separated them—but could not her beauty and power in some way be allied with his, so that the world should be made better?

"Shame is of the brute dullard who thinks shame," came the resonant voice of the reader. The words rang in her ears. Sandro was greater than the mere flesh—she would be, too. She would pose for him, and thus give her beautiful body to the world—beauty is eternal. Her action would bless and benefit the centuries yet to come. She was the most beautiful of women—he the greatest of artists. It was an opportunity sent from the gods!

Instantly she half ran, seeking the painter. She found him standing apart, alone. She spoke eagerly and hotly, fearing her courage would falter before she could make known her wish:

"Ecco, Messer Sandro," she whispered, casting a furtive look about—"who is there in Florence like me?"

I "There is no one," calmly answered Sandro.

"I will be your Lady Venus," she went on breath-

Very early the next morning, before the household was astir, Sandro entered the apartments of the Lady Simonetta. She was awaiting him, leaning with feigned carelessness against the balustrade, arrayed from head to toe in a rose-colored mantle. One bare foot peeped forth from under the folds of the robe.

Neither spoke a word.

Sandro arranged his easel, spread his crayons on the table, and looked about the room making calculations as to light.

He motioned her to a certain spot. She took the position, and as he picked up a crayon and examined it carelessly, she raised her arms and the robe fell at her feet ##

Sandro faced her, and saw the tall delicate form, palpitating before him. The rays of the morning sun swept in between the lattices and kissed her shoulder, face and hair ##

For an instant the artist was in abeyance. Then from under his breath he exclaimed "Holy Virgin! what a line! Stay as you are, I implore you—swerve not a hair's breadth, and soon you shall be mine forever!" (The pencil broke under his impetuous stroke. He seized another and worked at headlong speed. The woman watched him with eyes dilated. She was agitated, and the pink of her fair skin came and went. Her

face grew pale, and she swayed like a reed. ([All the time she watched the artist, fearfully. She was at his mercy! # #

Ah God! he was only an artist with the biggest mouth in all Florence! She noted how he tossed the hair from his eyes every moment. She saw the heavy jaw, the great broad-spreading feet, the powerful chest. His smothered exclamations as he worked filled her with scorn. What had she done? Who was she, anyway, that she should thus bare her beauty before such a creature? He had not even spoken to her! Was she only a thing?

She grew deadly pale and reeled as she stood there. Two big tears chased each other down her cheeks. The painter looking up saw other tears glistening on her lashes.

He noted her distress.

He dropped his crayon and made a motion as if to advance to her relief.

A few moments before and he might have folded her mantle about her and assisted her to a seat—then they would have talked, reassured each other, and been mutually understood. To be understood—to be appreciated—that is it!

It was too late, now-she hated him.

As he advanced she recovered herself.

She pointed her finger to the door, and bade him begone.

[Hastily he huddled his belongings into a parcel and without looking up, passed out of the door. She heard

his steps echoing down the stairway, and soon from out the lattice she saw him walk across the court and disappear. He did not look up!

She threw herself upon her couch, buried her face in the pillows and burst into tears.

In one short week word came to Sandro that Simonetta was dead—a mysterious quick fever of some kind—she had refused all food—the doctors could not understand it—the fever had just burned her life out!

Let Maurice Hewlett tell the rest: They carried dead Simonetta through the streets of Florence with her pale face uncovered and a crown of myrtle in her hair. People thronging there held their breath, or wept to see such still loveliness; and her poor parted lips wore a patient little smile, and her eyelids were pale violet and lay heavy on her cheek. White, like a bride, with a heavy nosegay of orange-blossom and syringa at her throat, she lay there on her bed with lightly folded hands and the strange aloofness and preoccupation all the dead have. Only her hair burned about her like molten copper.

The great procession swept forward; black brothers of Misericordia, shrouded and awful, bore the bed or stalked before it with torches that guttered and flared sootily in the dancing light of day. * * * * * * Santa Croce, the great church, stretched forward beyond her into distances of grey mist and cold spaces of light. Its bare vastness was damp like a vault. And she lay in the midst, listless, heavy-lidded, apart, with the half smile, as it seemed, of some secret mirth. Round her the great candles smoked and flickered, and mass was sung at the High Altar for her soul's repose.

Sandro stood alone facing the shining altar, but looking fixedly at Simonetta on her couch. He was white, with dry-parched lips and eyes that ached and smarted. Was this the end? Was it possible, my God! that the transparent unearthly thing lying there so prone and pale was dead? Had such loveliness aught to do with life or death? Ah! sweet lady, dear heart, how tired she was, how deadly tired! From where he stood, he could see with intolerable anguish the sombre rings around her eves and the violet shadows on the lids, her folded hands and the straight meek line to the feet. And her poor wan face with its wistful pitiful little smile was turned half aside on the delicate throat, as if in a last appeal:—"Leave me now, O Florentines, to my rest." Poor child! Poor child! Sandro was on his knees with his face pressed against the pulpit and tears running through his fingers as he prayed. * As he had seen her, so he painted. As at the beginning of life in a cold world, passively meeting the long trouble of it, he painted her a rapt Presence floating evenly to our earth. A grey, translucent sea laps silently upon a little stream and, in the hush of a still dawn, the myrtles and sedges on the water's brim are quiet. It is a dream in half tones that he gives us. grey and green and steely blue; and just that, and some homely magic of his own, hint the commerce of another world with man's discarded domain. Men and women are asleep, and as in an early walk you may startle the hares at their play, or see the creatures of the darkness—owls and night hawks, and heavy moths—flit with fantastic purpose over the familiar scene, so here it comes upon you suddenly that you have surprised Nature's self at her mysteries; you are let into the secret; you have caught the spirit of the April woodland as she glides over the pasture to the

copse. And that, indeed, was Sandro's fortune. He caught her in just such a propitious hour. He saw the sweet wild thing, pure and undefiled by touch of earth: caught her in that pregnant pause of time ere she had lighted. Another moment and a buxom nymph of the grove would fold her in a rosy mantle, colored as the earliest wood-anemones are. She would vanish, we know, into the daffodils or a bank of violets. And you might tell her presence there, or in the rustle of the myrtles, or coo of doves mating in the pines; you might feel her genius in the scent of the earth or the kiss of the west wind; but you could only see her in mid-April, and you should look for her over the sea. She always comes with the first warmth of the year. [But daily, before he painted, Sandro knelt in a dark chapel in Santa Croce, while a priest said mass for the repose of Simonetta's soul.





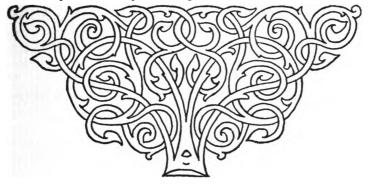
EORGE ELIOT gives many a sideglimpse of the art life of Florence in the days of the luxury-loving Medici. She saturated herself in Italian literature and history, and the days of Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo Lippi, and Fra Girolamo Savonarola are bodied forth from lines deeply etched upon her heart.

When you go to Florence carry "Romola" in your side-pocket, just as you take the "Marble Faun" to Rome. The book is sad, but on the theory that like cures like, you will find to read something sad in a sad city will lighten your spirits. And certainly it will make history live again and pass before your gaze. The story is unmistakably high art, for from the opening lines of the proem you hear the slow, measured wing of death; and after you have read the volume, forever, for you, will the smoke of martyr fires hover about the Piazza Signoria, and from the gates of San Marco you will see emerge that little man in black robe and cowl.—that homely, repulsive man with the curved nose, the protruding lower lip, the dark leathery skin-that man who lured and fascinated by his poise and power, whose words were whips of scorpions that stung his enemies until they had to silence him by a rope; and as a warning to those whom he had hypnotized, they burned his swart, shrunken body in the public square, just as he had burned their books and pictures.

Sandro Botticelli, the painter, who made sensuality beautiful, ugliness seductive, and the sin-stained soul attractive, renounced all and followed the Monk of San Marco-sensuality and asceticism at the last are one. When the procession headed for the Piazza Signoria, where the fagots were piled high. Sandro stood afar off and his heart was wrung in anguish, as he saw the glare of the flames gild the Eastern sky. And this anguish was not for the friends who had perishedno no, it was for himself: the thought that he was unworthy of martyrdom filled his mind—he had fallen at the critical moment. Basely and cravenly he had saved himself. By saving all he lost all. To lose one's selfrespect is the only calamity. Sandro Botticelli had failed to win the approval of his Other Self-and this is defeat, and there is none other. He might have sent his soul to God on the wings of victory, in glorious company, but now it was too late-too late!

From this time forth he ceased to live—he merely existed. Into his soul there occasionally shot gleams of sunshine, but his nerveless hands refused to do the bidding of his brain. He stood on crutches, hat in hand, at church doors, and asked for alms. Sometimes he would make bold to tell people of wonderful pictures within, over the Altar or upon the walls; and he would say that they were his, and then the hearers would laugh aloud, and ask him to repeat his words, that others too might hear and laugh. Thus dwindled the passing days; and for him who had painted the glorious "Spring,"

there came the chilling neglect of Winter, until Death in mercy laid an icy hand upon him. And he was still.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF BOTTICELLI, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE, INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS BEING DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOKLET BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, IN THE MONTH OF MARCH, MCMII ###

Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ARTISTS

THORWALDSEN

Vol. X. APRIL, 1902, No. 4

By ELBERT HUBBARD



Single Copies, 25 cents

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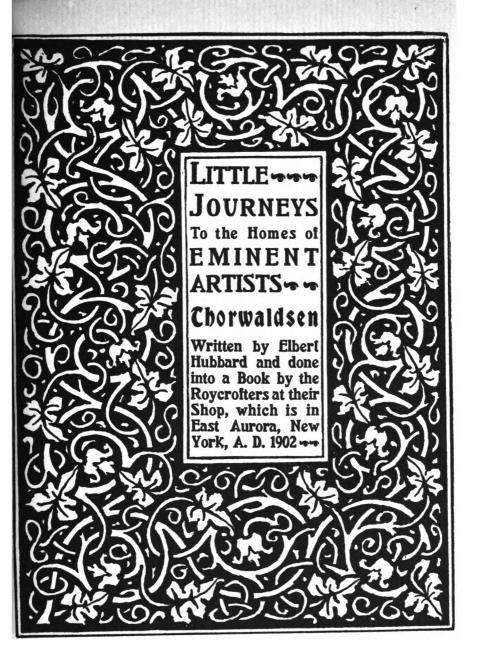
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Thorwaldsen



See the hovering ships on the wharves! The Dannebrog waves, the workmen sit in circle under the shade at their frugal breakfasts; but foremost stands the principal figure in this picture; it is a boy who cuts with a bold hand the life-like features in the wooden image for the beakhead of the vessel. It is the ship's guardian spirit, and, as the first image from the hand of Albert Thorwaldsen, it shall wander out into the wide world. The swelling sea shall baptize it with its waters, and hang its wreaths of wet plants around it; nor night, nor storm, nor icebergs, nor sunken rocks shall lure it to its death, for the Good Angel that guards the boy shall, too, guard the ship upon which with mallet and chisel he has set his mark.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THORWALDSEN



HE real business-like biographer begins by telling when his subject "first saw the light"—by which he means when the man was born. In this instance we will go a bit farther back and make note of the interesting fact that Thorwaldsen was descended from an ancestor who had the rare fortune to be born in Rhode Island, in the year 1007.

Wiggling, jiggling, piggling individuals with quibbling proclivities, and an incapacity for distinguishing between fact and truth, may maintain that there was no Rhode Island in the year 1007. Emerson has written, "Nothing is of less importance on account of its being small." And so I maintain that in the year 1007, Rhode Island was just where it is now, and to the Cosmos quite as important. Let Pawtucket protest and Providence bite the thumb—no retraction will be made!

About the year 1815 the Secretary of the Rhode Island Historical Society wrote Thorwaldsen informing him that he had been elected an honorary member of the Society, on account of his being the only known living descendant of the first European white man born in America.

Thorwaldsen replied, expressing his great delight in the honor conferred, and touched feelingly on the fact that while he had been elected to membership in various societies in consideration of what he had done, this was the first honor that had come his way on account of his ancestry. To a friend he said, "How would we ever know who we are, or where we came from were it not for the genealogical savants!"

In a book called "American Antiquities," now in the Library at Harvard College, and I suppose accessible in various other libraries, there is a genealogical table tracing the ancestry of Thorwaldsen. It seems that in the year 1006, one Thorfinne, an Icelander whaler, commanded a ship which traversed the broad Atlantic, and skirted the coast of New England. Thorfinne wintered his craft in one of the little bays of Rhode Island and spent the winter at Mount Hope, where the marks of his habitat endure even unto this day.

The statement to the effect that when the Indians saw the ships of Columbus, they cried out, "Alas, we are discovered!" goes back to a much earlier period, like many another of Mark Twain's gladsome scintillations. So little did Thorfinne and his hardy comrades think of crossing the Atlantic in search of adventure, that they used to take their families along, as though it were a picnic. And so Fate ordered that Gudrid, the good wife of Thorfinne, should give birth to a son, there at Mount Hope, Rhode Island, in the year 1007. And they called the baby boy Snome. And to Snome the

American, the pedigree of Thorwaldsen traces. In a lecture on the Icelandic Sagas, I once heard William Morris say that all really respectable Icelanders traced their genealogy to a king, and many of them to a god. Thorwaldsen did both—first to Harold Hildestand, King of Denmark, and then with the help of several kind old gran'mamas, to the god Thor.

His love for mythology was an atavism. In childhood the good old aunties used to tell him how the god Thor once trod the earth and shattered the mountains with his hammer. From Thor and the World his first ancestor was born, so the family name was Thor-vald. The appendix "sen" or son means that the man was the son of Thorwald; and in some way the name got ossified like the name Robinson, Parkinson, Peterson or Albertson; and then it was Thorwaldsen.

Men who are strong in their own natures are very apt to smile at the good folk who chase the genealogical anise-seed trail—it is a harmless diverson with no game at the end of the route. And on the other hand, all men, like Thorwaldsen, who reach cosmic consciousness, recognize their Divine Sonship. Such men feel that their footsteps are mortised and tenoned in granite; and the Power that holds the worlds in space and guides the wheeling planets, also prompts their thoughts and directs their devious way. They know that they are a necessary part of the Whole. Small men are provincial, mediocre men are cosmopolitan, but great souls are Universal.



WO islands, one city and the open sea claim the honor of being the birthplace of Bertel Thorwaldsen. The date of his birth ranges, according to the authorities, from 1770 to 1773—take your choice. His father was an Icelander who had worked his passage down to Copenhagen and had found his stint

as a wood-carver in a shipyard where it was his duty to carve out wonderful figure-heads, after designs made by others. Gottschalk Thorwaldsen never thought to improve on a model, or change it in any way, or to model a figurehead himself. The cold of the North had chilled any ambition that was in his veins. Goodsooth! Such work as designing figureheads was only for those who had been to college, and who could read and write! So he worked away, day after day, and by the help of the good-wife's foresight and economy, managed to keep out of debt, pay his tithes at church and lead a decent life.

Little Bertel used to remember when, like the Peggottys, they lived in an abandoned canal boat that had been tossed up on the beach. Bertel carried chips and shavings from the shipyard for fuel and piled them against the "house." One night the tide came up in a very unexpected manner and carried the chips away, for the sea is so very hungry that it is always sending the tide in to shore after things. It was quite a loss for

the poor wood-carver and his wife to have all their winter fuel carried away; so they cuffed little Bertel soundly (for his own good) for not piling the chips up on the deck of the boat, instead of leaving them on the shifting sand.

This was the first great cross that came to Bertel. He had a few others afterward, but he never forgot the night of anguish and the feeling of guilt that followed the losing of the shavings and chips.

Some weeks after another high tide came sweeping in, and lapped and sniffed and sighed around the canal boat as if it were trying to tug it loose and carry the old craft and all the family out to sea. Little Bertel hoped the tide would fetch it, for it would be kind o' nice to get clear out away from everybody and everything—where there were no chips to pick up. His mother could supply a quilt for a mainsail and he would use his shirt for a jib and they would steer straight for America—or somewhere.

But lest the dream should come true, Gottschalk and his wife talked the matter over and concluded to abandon the boat, before it got sunk into the sand quite out of sight. So the family moved into a little house on an alley, half a mile away from the ship-yard—it was an awful long way to carry chips.

The second calamity that came into the life of little Bertel was when he was eight years old. He and several companions were playing about the King's Market, where there was an equestrian statue of Charles V. The boys climbed up onto the pedestal, cut various capers there, and finally they challenged Bertel to mount the horse behind the noble rider. By dint of much boosting from several boys older than himself, he was at last perched on the horse. Then his companions made hot haste to run away and leave him in his perilous position. Just then, as unkind fate would have it, a pair of gendarmes came along on the lookout for anything that might savor of sedition, contumacy or contravention. They found it in little Bertel clutching tearfully to the royal person of Charles V., twelve feet above the ground. Quickly they rushed the lad off to the police station, between them, each with a firm grip upon his collar.

Victor Hugo once said, "The minions of the law go stolidly after vice, and not finding it, they stolidly take virtue instead."

Besides an awful warning "never to do this thing again" from a judge in a ferocious wig, the boy got a flogging at home, (for his own good) although his father first explained that it was a very painful duty to himself to be obliged to punish his son. The son volunteered to excuse the father, and this brought the youngster ten extra lashes for being so smart.

Long years after, at Rome, Thorwaldsen told the story to Hans Christian Andersen about being caught astride the great bronze horse at Copenhagen, and of the awful reprimand of the judge bewigged.

"And honestly now—I'll never tell"—said Andersen

with a sly twinkle in his blue eyes, "did you ever repeat the offense?"

"Since you promise not to divulge it, I'll confess that forty-three years after my crime of mounting that horse, I had occasion to cross King's Market Square at midnight. I had been out to a little social gathering, and was on my way home alone. I saw the great horse and rider gleaming in the pale moonlight. I recalled vividly how I had occupied that elevated perch and been hauled down by the scandalized and indignant officers. I remembered the warning of the judge as to what would happen if I ever did it again. Hastily I removed my coat and hat and clambered up on the pedestal. I seized a leg of the royal person, and swung up behind. For five minutes I sat there mentally defying the State, and saying unspeakable things about all gendarmes and Copenhagen gendarmes in particular."





HAVE a profound respect for boys. Grimy, ragged, towsled boys in the street often attract me strangely. A boy is a man in the cocoon—you do not know what it is going to become—his life is big with possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between states, write books

that will mold characters, or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world. Every man was a boy—I trust I will not be contradicted—it is really so. Would n't you like to turn Time backward, and see Abraham Lincoln at twelve, when he had never worn a pair of boots?—the lank, lean, yellow, hungry boy—hungry for love, hungry for learning, tramping off through the woods for twenty miles to borrow a book, and spelling it out crouching before the glare of the burning logs.

Then there was that Corsican boy, one of a goodly brood, who weighed only fifty pounds when ten years old; who was thin and pale and perverse, and had tantrums, and had to be sent supperless to bed, or locked in a dark closet because he would n't "mind!" Who would have thought that he would have mastered every phase of warfare at twenty-six, and when told that the Exchequer of France was in dire confusion, would say, "The finances? I will arrange them!" Distinctly and vividly I remember a squat, freckled

boy who was born in the "Patch" and used to pick up coal along the railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Court of Appeals. That boy from the "Patch" was the judge who wrote the opinion, granting my petition.

Yesterday I rode horseback past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out through the top of his hat; one suspender held his trousers in place; his form was bony and awkward; his bare legs and arms were brown and sunburned and briar-scarred. He swung his horses around just as I passed by, and from under the flapping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of dark, half-bashful eyes, and modestly returned my salute. When his back was turned I took off my hat and sent a God-bless-you down the furrow after him.

Who knows?—I may go to that boy to borrow money yet, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a law-suit; or he may stand with pulse unhastened, bare of arm, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face, and Night and Death come creeping into my veins.

Be patient with the boys!





ERTEL THORWALDSEN was fourteen years old. He was pale and slender, and had a sharp chin and a straight nose and hair the color of sunburned tow. His eyes were large, set wide apart and bright blue; and he looked out upon the world silently, with a sort o' wistful melancholy. He

helped his father carve out the wonderful figureheads that were to pilot the ships across strange seas and bring good luck to the owners.

"A boy like that should be sent to the Academy and taught designing" said one of the ship-owners one day as he watched the lad at his work. Gottschalk shook his head dubiously. "How could a poor man, with a family to support, and provisions so high, spare his boy from work! Aye, was n't he teaching the lad a trade, himself, as it was?"

But the ship-owner fumbled his fob, and insisted, and to test the boy, he had him work with his designers. And he compromised with the father by having Bertel sent to the Academy half a day at a time.

At the school one of the instructors remembered Bertel, on account of his long yellow hair that hung down in his eyes when he leaned over the desk; also his dullness in every line except drawing and clay-modeling. The newspapers one day announced that a certain young Master Thorwaldsen had been awarded a prize

for clay-modeling. "Is that your brother?" asked the teacher next day. "It is myself, Herr Chaplain," replied the boy, blushing to the roots of his yellow hair. The Chaplain coughed to conceal his surprise. He had always thought this boy incapable of anything. "Herr Thorwaldsen," he said, severely, "you will please pass to the first grade!" And to be addressed as "Herr" meant that you really were somebody. "He called me 'Herr,'" said Bertel to his mother that night—"He called me 'Herr!"

About this time we find the painter Abildgaard taking a special interest in young Bertel, giving him lessons in drawing and painting, and encouraging him in his modeling. In fact Thorwaldsen has himself explained that all of his "original" designs about this time were supplied by Abildgaard. The interest of Abildgaard in the boy was slightly resented by the young man's parents, who were afraid that their son was getting above his station. Abildgaard has left a record to the effect that at this time Thorwaldsen was very self-contained. reticent and seemingly without ambition. He used to postpone every task, and would shirk his duties until often sharp reminders came. Yet when he did begin, he would fall on the task like one possessed and finish it in an hour. This proved to Abildgaard that the stuff was there, and down in his heart he believed that this sleepy lad would some day awake from slumber. Anyway, Abildgaard used to say, long years after, "What did I tell you?" ([Gottschalk was paid by the piece for his carving; he was getting better pay now, because he did better work, his employer thought. Bertel was helping him. The family was getting quite prosperous.





HEN Bertel had secured between sleepy spells, about all the prizes for clay-modeling and sketching that artistic Copenhagen had to offer, he started for Rome, armed with a three-years' traveling scholarship. This prize proved to be a pivotal point. The young man had done good work, and seemingly

without effort; but he was sadly lacking in general education and worse—apparently he had no desire to learn # #

He was twenty-six years of age when he sailed for Rome on the good ship "Thetis." The scholarship he had won four years before, but through disinclination to press his claims, and the procrastination of officialism, the matter was pigeon-holed. It might have gone by default had not Abildgaard said "Go!" and loudly. Thorwaldsen was a sort of charity passenger on the ship,—taken on request of the owner,—and it was assumed that he would make himself useful. But the captain of the craft left him a recommendation to the effect that "The young fellow Thorwaldsen is the laziest man I ever saw." The ship was on a trading tour and lingered along various coasts and put into many harbors; so nine months went by before Bertel Thorwaldsen found himself in the Eternal City.

"I was born March 8th, 1797," Thorwaldsen used to say. That was the day he reached Rome, His scholar-

ship provided for a three years' residence—but twenty-three years were to elapse before he should again see Copenhagen; and as for his parents, he had looked into their eyes for the last time.





HE soul grows by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs. A flash! and a glory stands revealed for which you have been blindly groping through the years. Well did Thorwaldsen call the day of his arrival in Rome the day of his birth! For the first time the world seemed to unfold before him. On the voyage

thither, the captain of the "Thetis" had offered to prepare him for his stay in Rome by teaching him the Italian language, but the young sculptor was indifferent. During the months he was on shipboard, he might have mastered the language—this came back to him as he stood in the presence of St. Peter's, and realized that he was treading the streets once trod by Michael Angelo. He spoke only "Sailor's Latin," a composite of Danish, Swedish, Norwegian and Icelandic. The waste of time of which he had been guilty, and the extent of all that lay beyond, pressed home upon him. ■ Of course we know that the fallow years are as good as the years of plenty—the silent winter prepares the soil for spring; and we know, too, that the sense of unworthiness and the discontent that Thorwaldsen felt during his first few weeks at Rome, were big with promise. I The antique world was a new world to him; he knew nothing of mythology; nothing of history; little of books. He began to thirst for knowledge, and this being true, he drank it in. Little men spell things out

with sweat and lamp-smoke, but others there be who absorb in the mass, read by the page, and grow great by simply letting down their buckets.

This fair-haired descendant of a Viking bold had the usual preliminary struggle, for the Established Order is always resentful toward pressing youth. He worked incessantly; sketched, read, studied, modeled, and to help out his finances, copied pictures for prosperous dealers who made it their business thus to employ 'prentice talent. (But a few years and we see Bertel Thorwaldsen occupying the studio of Flaxman, and more than filling that strong man's place. For specimens of Flaxman's work examine your "Wedgwood"; and then to see Thorwaldsen's product, multiply Flaxman by one hundred. One worked in the delicate and exquisite; the other had a taste for the heroic: both found inspiration in the Greek.

It will not do to claim for Thorwaldsen that he was a great and original genius. He lacked that hirsute, independent quality of Michael Angelo, and surely he lacked the Attic invention. He was receptive as a woman, and he builded on what had been done. He moved in the line of least resistance—made friends of Protestant and Catholic alike; won the warm recognition of the Pope, who averred, "Thorwaldsen is a good Catholic, only he does not know it." He kept clear of factions, and with a modicum more will, might have been a very prince of diplomats. As it was, he evolved into a prince of artists.



OON after his advent in Rome, Thorwaldsen met at the country house of his friend, critic and benefactor Zoega, a young woman who was destined to have a profound influence upon his life. Anna Maria Magnani was lady's maid and governess in the Zoega household. She was a beautiful animal

—dark, luminous, flashing eyes, hair black as the raven's wing, and a form that palpitated with passion—a true daughter of the warm, sun-kissed South.

The young sculptor of the yellow locks danced with the signorina at the rustic fetes upon the lawn. She spoke no English, and his Italian was exceedingly limited, but hand pressed hand and they contrived to make themselves understood. She volunteered to give him lessons in Italian; this went well and then she posed for him as a model.

What should have been at best or worst a mere incident in the artist's life ripened into something more. Intellectually and spiritually they lived in different worlds, and in sober moments both realized it. An arrangement was entered into of the same quality and kind as Goethe and Christiana Vulpius assumed. Only this woman had moments of rebellion when she thirsted for social honors. As his wife, Thorwaldsen knew that she would be a veritable dead-weight and he sought to loosen her grasp upon him. An offer of

marriage came to her from a man of means and social station. Thorwaldsen favored the mating and did what he could to hasten the nuptials. But when the other man had actually married the girl and carried her away, he had a sick spell to pay for it—he was n't quite so calloused in heart as he had believed. Like many other men Thorwaldsen found that such a tie is not easily broken.

Anna Maria thought she loved the man she had married, and at least she believed she could learn to do so. Alas! After six months of married life she packed up and came back to Rome, declaring that though her husband was kind and always treated her well, she would rather be the slave and servant of Thorwaldsen than the wife of any man on earth. The sculptor had n't the heart to turn her away. More properly, her will was stronger than his conscience. Perhaps he was glad too, that she had came back! The injured husband followed and Anna Maria warned the man to begone, and emphasized the suggestion with the gleam of a pearl handled stiletto; and by the same token kept all gushing females away from the Thorwaldsen preserve. ¶ Thorwaldsen never married, and there is no doubt that his engagement to Miss Mackenzie, a most excellent English lady, was vetoed by Anna Maria and her pearl handled stiletto.

One child was born to Anna Maria and Thorwaldsen—a girl, who was legally acknowledged by Thorwaldsen as his daughter. When prosperity came his way,

some years later he deposited in the Bank of Copenhagen a sum equal to twenty thousand dollars, with orders that the interest should be paid to her as long as she lived.

Unlike Byron's daughter Allegra, born the same year only a few miles away, who died young and for whose grave at Harrow the poet had carved the touching line, "I shall go to her, but she will not return to me,"—the daughter of Thorwaldsen grew up, was happily married and bore a son who achieved considerable distinction as an artist. (Thus the sculptor's good fortune attended him even in circumstances that work havoc in most men's lives—he disarmed the Furies with a smile!





ANY visitors daily thronged the studio of Thorwaldsen. He had one general reception room containing casts of his work, and many curious things in the line of art. His servant greeted the callers and made them at home, expressing much regret at the absence of his master who was "out of the city,"

etc. Meanwhile Thorwaldsen was hard at it in a back room to which only the elect were admitted.

The King of Bavaria, a genuine artist himself in spirit, who spent much time in Rome, conceived a great admiration for Thorwaldsen. He walked into the atelier where the sculptor was at work one day and hung around his neck by a gold chain, the "Cross of the Commander," a decoration never before given to any but great military commanders.

King Louis had a very unkinglike way of doing things, and used to go by the studio and whistle for Thorwaldsen and call to him to come out and walk, or drive, ride or dine.

"I wish that King would go off and reign—I have work to do," once said the sculptor rather impatiently.

Envious critics used to maintain that there were ten men in Rome who could model as well as Thorwaldsen, "but they have n't yellow hair that falls to their shoulders, and heaven-blue eyes with which to snare the ladies." The fact must be admitted that the vogue of Thorwaldsen owed much to the remarkable social qualities of the man. His handsome face and fine form were supplemented by a manner most gentle and winning; and whether his half-diffident ways, and habit of reticence were natural or the triumph of art, was a vexing problem that never found solution.

He was the social rage in every salon. And his ability to do the right thing at the right time, seemingly without premeditation, made him a general favorite. For instance if he attended a fete given by the King of Bavaria, he wore just one decoration—the decoration of Bavaria. If he attended a ball given by the French Embassador, in the lapel of his modest black velvet coat he wore the red ribbon that tokens the Legion of Honor. When he visited the Villa of the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, he wore no jewel save the diamondstudded star presented to him by the Czar. At the reception given by the "English Colony" to Sir Walter Scott, the great sculptor wore a modest thistle blossom in his lapel, which caused Lord Elgin to offer odds that if O'Connell should appear in Rome, Thorwaldsen would wear a sprig of shamrock in his hat and say nothing.

The thistle caught Sir Walter, and the next day when he came to call on the sculptor he saw a "Tam O'Shanter" hanging on the top of an easel and a bit of plaid scarf thrown carelessly across the corner of the picture below. The poet and the sculptor embraced, patting

each other on the back, called each other "Brother" and smiled good will. But as Thorwaldsen could not speak English and Sir Walter spoke nothing else, they merely beamed and ran the scale of adjectives, thus: Sublimissimo! Hero! Precious! Plaisir! La Grande! Delighted! Splendide! Honorable! Then they embraced again and backed away, waving each other good-bye. I Thorwaldsen had more medals, degrees and knighthoods than Sir Walter ever saw, but he would allow no prefix to his name. Denmark, Russia, Germany, Italy. France and the Pope had outdone themselves in doing him honor. All these "trifles" in the way of decorations he kept in a specially prepared case, which was opened occasionally for the benefit of lady visitors. "The girls like such things," said Thorwaldsen, and smiled in apology.

Shelley found his way to Thorwaldsen's Studio, and made mention that the master was a bit of a poseur. Byron came, and as we know sat for that statue which is now at Cambridge. The artist sought to beguile the melancholy sitter with pleasant conversation, but the author of "Don Juan" would none of it, and when the work was completed and unveiled before him, he exclaimed in disappointment, "I look far more unhappy than that!"

Thorwaldsen was a musician of no mean quality, and there was always a piano in his studio, to which he often turned for rest. When Felix Mendelssohn was in Rome he made the Sculptor's workshop his headquarters, and sometimes the two would play "four hands," or Thorwaldsen would accompany the "Songs without Words" upon his violin.

Gradually the number of the "elect" seemed to grow. It was regarded as a great sight to see the master at his work. And by degrees Thorwaldsen reached a point where he could keep right along at his task and receive his friends at the same time.

The man at his work! there is nothing finer. I have seen men homely, uncouth and awkward when "dressed up," who were superb when at their work. Once I saw Augustus St. Gaudens in blouse and overalls, well plastered with mud, standing on a ladder hard at it on an equestrian statue, lost to everything but the task in hand—intoxicated with a thought, working like mad to materialize an idea. The sight gave me a thrill!—one of those very few unforgetable thrills that time fixes ever the more firmly in one's memory.

To gain admittance to the work-room of Thorwaldsen was a thing to boast of—proud ladies schemed and some sought to bribe the trusty valet; but to these the door was politely barred. Yet the servant, servant-like, was awed by titles and nobility.

"The Duchess of Parma!" whispered the valet one day in agitation—"The Duchess of Parma—she has followed me in and is now standing behind you!" Thorwaldsen could not just place the lady,—he turned,

Thorwaldsen could not just place the lady,—he turned, bowed, and gazed upon a stout personage slightly over-dressed. The lady quite abruptly stated that she had

called to make arrangements to have a statue, or a bust at least, made of herself. The idea that Thorwaldsen would be proud to model her features seemed quite fixed in her mind. The artist cast her a swift glance and noted that Nature had put small trace of the classic in the lady's modeling. He mentally declined the commission, and muttered something about being "so delighted and honored but unluckily I am so very busy," etc.

"My husband desires it," continued the lady, "and so does my son, the King of Rome—a title I hope that is not strange to you!"

It swept over Thorwaldsen like a winter's wave, that this big, brusque, bizarre woman before him was Maria Louisa, the second wife of Napoleon. He knew her history—wedded at nineteen to Napoleon—the mother of L'Aiglon at twenty—married again in unbecoming haste to the Count Niepperg Nobody, with whom she had been on very intimate terms, as soon as word arrived of the death of Napoleon at St. Helena; and now raising a goodly brood of Nobodies! The artist grew faint before this daughter of kings who had made a mesalliance with Genius—he excused himself and left the room.

Thorwaldsen was a hero-worshipper by nature, and Napoleon's memory loomed large to him on the horizon of the ideal. Needless to say, he never modeled the features of Maria Louisa Hapsburgh, but her visit fired him with a desire to make a bust of Napoleon, and the desire materialized is ours in heroic mold. I Sometime after this Thorwaldsen designed a monument to the Duke Leuchtenberg, Eugene de Beauharnais, son of the Empress Josephine.

The days went in their fashion, and the Count Niepperg passed away, as even Counts do, for Death recognizes no title; and Maria Louisa was again experiencing the pangs of widowhood. She sent word for Thorwaldsen to come and design the late lamented a proper tomb, something not unlike that which he had done for the son of Josephine,—money was no object in the Hapsburgh family!

Very few commissions were declined by Thorwaldsen. He was a good business man and often had a dozen men quietly working out his orders, but he wrote to Maria Louisa begging to be excused—and as a relief to his feelings, straightway modeled another bust of Napoleon. This bust was sold to Alexander Murray, Byron's publisher, and is now to be seen in Edinburgh. Strange is it not, that the home of "The Scotch Greys," tumbled by Fate and Napoleon into an open grave. should do the Little Man honor! And Thorwaldsen the man of peace, was bound to the man of war by the silken thread of sentiment. I Thorwaldsen was the true successor of Canova-his great career was inaugurated when Canova gave him his blessing. The triumphs of the lover of Pauline Bonaparte were transferred to him. He accepted the situation with all of its precedents.



HORWALDSEN spent forty-two years of his life at Rome, but Denmark never lost her hold upon him during this time. The King showered him with honors and gave him every privilege at his command ###

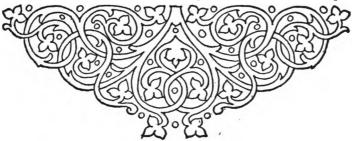
The Danish Ambassador always had special instructions "not to

neglect the interests and welfare of our brother, Chevalier Thorwaldsen, Artist and Sculptor to the King." If For years, in the Academy at Copenhagen, rooms were set apart for him, and he was solicited to return and occupy them, and by his gracious presence honor the institution that had sent him forth. Only once, however, did he return, and then his stay was brief. But from time to time he presented specimens of his work to his native city, and various casts and copies of his pieces found their way to the "Thorwaldsen Room" at the Academy; so there gradually grew up there a "Thorwaldsen Museum."

Now the shadows were lengthening toward the west. The master had turned his seventieth milestone, and he began to look backward to his boyhood's home as a place of rest, as old men do. A Commissioner was sent by the King of Denmark with orders to use his best offices to the end that Thorwaldsen should return; and plans were made to evolve the Thorwaldsen Room into a complete museum.

The result of these negotiations brought about the Thorwaldsen Museum—that plainly simple, but solidly built structure at Copenhagen, erected by the city, from plans made by the master. Here are shown over two hundred large statues and bas-reliefs, copies and originals of the best things done in that long and busy life.

Thorwaldsen left his medals, decorations, pictures, books and thousands of drawings and sketches to this Museum—the sole property of the municipality. The building is arranged in the form of a square, with a court; and here the dust of the master rests. No artist has ever had a more fitting tomb, designed by himself, surrounded by the creations of his hand and brain. These chant his elegy and there he sleeps.





OOD looks, courtesy and social accomplishments are factors in our artistic career that should not be lightly waived.

Thorwaldsen won every recognition that is possible for men to win from other men—fame, honor, wealth. In way of success he tasted all that the world can offer.

 ∏ He built on Winckelmann, Mengs and Canova, inspired by a classic environment, and examples of work done by men turned to dust centuries before. In many instances Thorwaldsen followed the letter and failed to catch the spirit of Greece—this is not to his discredit, who has completely succeeded in revitalizing the breath of ancient art?

Thorwaldsen won everything but immortality. It sounds harsh but let us admit it,—he was at best a great imitator, however noble the objects of his imitation. A recent writer has tried to put him in the class with "John Rogers, the Pride of America" but this is manifestly unfair. As an artist he ranks rather with Powers, Story and Palmer. Never for a moment can he be compared with St. Gaudens—our own French: Bartlett and Ward surpass him in general skill and fertility of resources. All is comparative—Thorwaldsen's fame floats upon the wave, far astern. We are making head.

We have that superb "Night," so full of tenderness

and spirit, done in tears (as all the best things are). The "Night" is not to be spoken of without its beautiful companion piece, the "Morning." Each was done at a sitting, in a passion of creative energy. Yet when the roll of all Thorwaldsen's pieces is called, we see that his fame centers and is chiefly embodied in "The Lion of Lucerne."





SUPPOSE it need not longer be concealed that in Switzerland you can purchase copies and models of Thorwaldsen's "Lion of Lucerne." Some are in marble, some in granite, some in bronze, a great many are in wood—carved while you wait—and at my hotel in Lucerne we used to have the noble beast

on the table every morning at breakfast, done in butter. The reproductions are of all sizes, from heroic mold to watch charms and bangles. Sculptors have carved this lion, painters have painted it, artists have sketched it, but did you ever see a reproduction of "The Lion of Lucerne?" No. dearie, you never did, and never will. No copy has a trace of that indefinable look of mingled pain and patience, which even the broken spear in his side cannot disturb—that soulful, human quality which the original has. No, every copy is a caricature. It is a risky thing to try to put love in a lion's face! An intelligent young woman called my attention to the fact that the psychological conditions under which we view "The Lion" are the most subtle and complete that man can devise; and these are the things that add the last touch to art and cause us to stand speechless, and which make the unbidden tears start. The little lake at the foot of the cliff prevents a too near approach; the overhanging vines and melancholy boughs form a dim, subduing shade: the falling water

seems like the playing of an organ in a vast cathedral; and last, the position of the lion itself, against the solid cliff, partakes of the miraculous. It is not set up there for people to look at: it is a part of the mountain and the great seams of the strata running through the figure lend the spirit of miracle to it all. It seems as though God himself had done the work and the surprise and joy of discovery are ours, as we stand uncovered before it

One must concede the masterly framing and hanging of the picture, but beyond all this is the technical skill, giving the look of woe that does not tell of weakness, as woe usually does, but strength and loyalty and death without flinching in a righteous cause—symbolic of the Swiss Guard that died at their post, not one of the three hundred wavering, there at the King's palace at Paris—all dead and turned to dust a century past, and this lion, mortally wounded, mutely pleading for our tears!

We pay the tribute.

And the reason we are moved is because we partake of the emotions of the artist when he did the work; and the reason we are not moved by any models or copies or imitations is because there is small feeling in the heart of an imitator. Great art is born of feeling! In order to do, you must feel.

If Thorwaldsen had done nothing else, "The Lion" would be monument enough. We remember William Cullen Bryant, like Dante Gabriel Rosetti, for one

poem; Poe for three. Thoreau wrote only one essay the world will cherish; and "keeping Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies' and 'The Golden River' we can let the rest go," says Augustine Birrell.

Thorwaldsen paid the penalty of success. He should have tasted exile, poverty and heart-break—not to have known these was his misfortune. And perhaps his best work lay in keeping alive the classic tradition; in educating whole nations to a taste for sculpture; in turning the attention of society from strife to art, from war to harmony. His were the serene successes of beauty, the triumphs of peace.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF THORWALDSEN, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE, INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS BEING DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, IN THE MONTH OF MARCH, IN THE YEAR MCMII # # # # #

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TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ARTISTS

GAINSBOROUGH

Vol. X. MAY, 1902. No. 5



Eminent Artists SERIES OF MCMII

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- RAPHAEL
- 2 LEONARDO
- 3 BOTTICELLI
- 4 THORWALDSEN
- 5 GAINSBOROUGH
- 6 VELASOUEZ

- 2 COROT
- 8 CORREGGIO
- o PAUL VERONESE
- o CELLINI
- I ABBEY
- 2 WHISTLER

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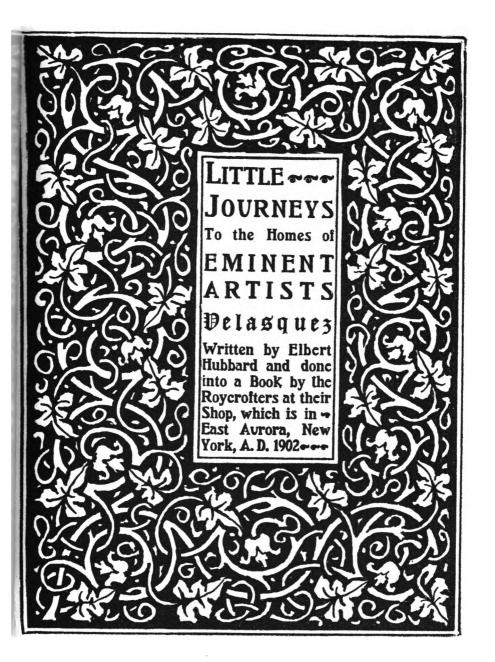
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Gainsborough



Among the notable prophets of the new and true, Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude—Velasquez was the newest and certainly the truest from our point of view He showed us the mystery of light as God made it STEVENSON.



HERE be, among writing men, those who please the populace, and also that Elect Few who inspire writers. When Horace Greeley gave his daily message to the world, every editor of any power in America paid good money for the privilege of being a subscriber to the "Tribune." The "Tribune" had no exchange list—if you wanted the "Tribune" you had to buy it, and the writers bought it because it wound up their clocks—set them a-going—and they either carefully abstained from mentioning Greeley, or else went in right valiantly and exposed his vagaries.

Greeley may have been often right, and we now know he was often wrong, but he infused the breath of life into his words—his sentences were a challenge—he made men think. And the reason he made men think was because he himself was a thinker.

Among modern literary men, the two English writers who have most inspired writers are Carlyle and Emerson. They were writers' writers. In the course of their work, they touched upon every phase of man's experience and endeavor. You cannot open their books anywhere

and read a page without casting about for your pencil and pad. Strong men infuse into their work a deal of their own spirit, and their words are charged with a suggestion and meaning beyond the mere sound. There is a reverberation that thrills one. All art that lives is thus vitalized with a spiritual essence; an essence that ever escapes the analyst, but which is felt and known by all who have hearts that throb and souls that feel. ¶ Strong men make room for strong men. Emerson and Carlyle inspired other men, and they inspired each other-but whether there be warrant for that overworked reference to their "friendship" is a question. Some other word surely ought to apply here, for their relationship was largely a matter of the head, with a weather eve on Barabbas, and three thousand miles of very salt brine between them. Carlyle never came to America: Emerson made but three trips to England: and often a year or more passed without a single letter on either side. Tammas Carlyle, son of a stonemason, with his crusty ways and clay pipe, with personality plus, at close range would have been a combination not entirely congenial to the culminating flower of seven generations of New England clergymen -probably not more so than was the shirt-sleeved and cravatless Walt, when they met that memorable day by appointment at the Astor House.

Our first and last demand of Art is that it shall give us the artist's best. Art is the mintage of the soul. All the whim, foible and rank personality are blown away on the winds of time—the good remains. (() Of artists who have inspired artists, and who being dead yet live Velasquez stands first.

"Velasquez was a painters' painter—the rest of us are only painters." And when the man who painted "Symphonies in White," further explained that a picture is finished when all traces of the means used to bring about the end have disappeared—for work alone will efface the footsteps of work—he had Velasquez in mind.





HE subject of this sketch was born in the year 1599, and died in 1660. And while he lived there also lived these: Shakespeare, Cervantes, Murillo, Rembrandt, and Rubens.

As an artist and a man Velasquez was the equal, in his way, of any of the men just named. Ruskin has

said, "Everything that Velasquez does may be regarded as absolutely right." And Sir Joshua Reynolds placed himself on record by saying "The portrait of Pope Innocent X. by Velasquez, in the Doria Gallery, is the finest portrait in all Rome." Yet until the year 1776, a date Americans can easily remember, the work of Velasquez was scarcely known outside of Spain. In that year Raphael Mengs wrote: "How this painter, greater than Raphael or Titian, truer far than Rubens or Van Dyke, should have been lost to view is more than I can comprehend. I can not find words to describe the splendor of his art!"

But enthusiasts who ebulliate at low temperature are plentiful. The world wagged on in its sleepy way, and it was not until 1828 that an Englishman, Sir David Wilkie, following up the clue of Mengs, began quietly to buy up all the stray pictures by Velasquez he could find in Spain. He sent them to England, and the world one day awoke to the fact that Velasquez was one of the greatest artists of all time. Curtis compiled a list of

two hundred and seventy-four pictures by Velasquez, which he pronounces authentic. Of these one hundred and twenty-one were owned in England, thirteen in France, twelve in Austria and eight in Italy. At least fifteen of the English 'oldings have since been transferred to America; so outside of England and Spain, America possesses more of the works of this Master than any other country. But of this be sure: No Velasquez will ever leave Spain unless spirited out of the country between two days-and if one is carried away, it will not be in the false bottom of a trunk. Within a year one Velasquez was so found secreted at Cadiz, and the owner only escaped prison by presenting the picture, with his compliments to the Prado Museum at Madrid. The release of the prisoner, and the acceptance of the picture, were both a bit irregular as matter of jurisprudence; but I am told that lawyers can usually arrange these little matters—Dame Justice being blind in one eye.





HERE seems to have been some little discussion in the de Silva family of Seville as to whether Diego should be a lawyer, and follow in his father's footsteps, or become an artist and possibly a vagrom. The father had hoped the boy would be his helper and successor, and here the youngster was

wasting his time drawing pictures of water jugs, baskets of flowers, old women and foolish folk about the market!

Should it be the law school or the Studio of Herrera the painter?

To almost every fond father the idea of discipline is, to have the child act just as he does. But in this case the mother had her way, or more properly, she let the boy have his—as mothers do—and the sequel shows that a woman's heart is sometimes nearer right than a man's head.

The fact that "Velasquez" was the maiden name of his mother, and was adopted by the young man, is a straw that tells which way the vane of his affections turned of of

Diego was sixteen and troublesome. He was n't "bad"
—only he had a rollicksome, flamboyant energy that
inundated everything, and made his absence often a
blessing devoutly to be wished. Herrera had fixed
thoughts about art and deportment. Diego failed to

grasp the beauty and force of these ideas, and in the course of a year he seems to have learned just one thing of Herrera—to use brushes with very long handles and long bristles. This peculiarity he clung to through life, and the way he floated the color upon the canvas with those long, ungainly brushes, no one understood; he really did n't know himself, and the world has long since given up the riddle. But the scheme was Herrera's, improved upon by Velasquez; yet not all men who paint with a brush that has a handle eight feet long can paint like Velasquez.

In Herrera's studio there were often heated arguments as to merits and demerits, flat contradictions as to facts, and wordy warfare that occasionally resulted in broken furniture. On such occasions Herrera never hesitated to take a hand and soundly cuff a pupil's ears, if the master thought the pupil needed it.

Velasquez has left on record the statement that Herrera was the most dogmatic, pedantic, overbearing and quarrelsome man he ever knew. Just what Herrera thought of the young man Velasquez, unfortunately, we do not know. But the belief is that Velasquez left Herrera's studio on request of Herrera.

He next entered the studio of the rich and fashionable painter, Pacheco. This man, like Macaulay, had so much learning that it ran over and he stood in the slop. He wrote a book on painting, and might also have carried on a Correspondence School wherein the art of portraiture would be taught in ten easy lessons.

In Madrid and Seville are various specimens of work done by both Herrera and Pacheco. Herrera had a certain style, and the early work of Velasquez showed Herrera's earmarks plainly; but we look in vain for a trace of influence that can be attributed to Pacheco

Velasquez at eighteen could outstrip his master, and both knew it. So Pacheco showed his good sense by letting the young man go his own pace. He admired the dashing, handsome youth, and although Velasquez broke every rule laid down in Pacheco's mighty tome, "Art as I have Found It," yet the master uttered no word of protest.

The boy was bigger than the book.

More than this, Pacheco invited the young man to come and make his home with him, so to better avail himself of the master's instruction. Now Pacheco(like Brabantio in the play) had a beautiful daughter,—Juana by name. She was about the age of Velasquez, gentle, refined and amiable. Love is largely a matter of propinquity: and the world now regards Pacheco as a master match-maker as well as a master painter. Diego and Juana were married, aged nineteen, and Pacheco breathed easier. He had attached to himself the most daring and brilliant young man he had ever known, and he had saved himself the annoyance of having his studio thronged with a gang of suitors such as crowded the courts of Ulysses.

Pacheco was pleased.

And why should Pacheco not have been pleased? He had linked his name for all time with the History of Art. Had he not been the teacher and father-in-law of Velasquez, his name would have been writ in water, for in his own art there was not enough Attic salt to save it; and his learning was a thing of dusty, musty books of A

Pacheco's virtue consisted in recognizing the genius of Velasquez, and hanging on to him closely, rubbing off all the glory that he could make stick to himself. (To the day of his death Pacheco laid the flattering unction to his soul that he had made Velasquez; but leaving this out of the discussion, no one doubts that Velasquez plucked from oblivion the name and fame of Pacheco.





R. VANCE THOMPSON has written, "Those splendid blonde women of Rubens are the solaces of the eternal fighting man." The wife of Velasquez was of the Rubens type: she looked upon her husband as the ideal. She believed in him, ministered to him, and had no other gods before him.

She had but one ambition, and that was to serve her lord and master.

Her faith in the man—in his power, in his integrity and in his art—corroborated his faith in himself. We want One to believe in us, and this being so, all else matters little.

Velasquez seems a type of the "eternal fighting man"—not the quarrelsome, quibbling man, who draws on slight excuse, but the man with a message, who goes straight to his destination with a will that breaks through every barrier, and pushes aside every obstacle. With the savage type there is no progression—the noble red man is content to be a noble red man all his days, and the result is that in standing still he is retreating off the face of the earth. Not so your "eternal fighting man"—he is scourged by a restlessness that allows him no rest nor respite save in his work.

Beware when a thinker and worker is let loose on the planet. In the days of Velasquez, Spain had but two patrons for art: Royalty and the Church.

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Although nominally a Catholic, Velasquez had little sympathy with the superstitions of the multitude. His religion was essentially a Natural Religion: to love his friends, to bathe in the sunshine of life, to preserve a right mental attitude—the receptive attitude, the attitude of gratitude—and to do his work—these things were for him the sum of life.

His passion was art-to portray his feelings on canvas and make manifest to others the things he himself saw. The Church, he thought, did not afford sufficient outlet for his power. Cherubs that could live only in the tropics, and wings without muscles to manipulate them, did not mean much to him. The men and women on earth appealed to him more than the angels in heaven, and he could not imagine a better paradise than this. So he painted what he saw-old men, market women, beggars, handsome boys and toddling babies. These things did not appeal to prelates—they wanted pictures of things a long way off. So from the Church Velasquez turned his gaze toward the Court at Madrid. ¶ Velasquez had been in the studio of Pacheco at Seville for five years. During that time he filled the days with work-joyous, eager work. He produced a good many valuable pictures and a great many sketches that were mostly given away. Yet today Seville, with her splendid art gallery and her hundreds of palaces, contains not a single specimen of the work of her greatest son.

It was a daring thing, for a young man of twenty-four

to knock boldly at the gates of Royalty. But the application was made in Velasquez's own way. All of his studies which the critics tauntingly called "tavern pieces" were a preparation for the life and work before him. He had mastered the subtlety of the human face, and had seen how the spirit shines through and reveals the soul ##

To know how to write correctly is nothing—you must know something worth recording. To paint is nothing—you must know what you are portraying. Velasquez had become acquainted with humanity, and gotten on intimate terms with life. He had haunted the waysides and markets to good purpose—he had laid the foundation of those qualities which characterize his best work—mastery of expression, penetration into character, the ability to look upon a face and read the thoughts that lurk behind, the crouching passions, and all the aspirations too great for speech. To picture great men you must be a great man.

Velasquez was twenty-four—dark, daring, silent, with a face and form that proclaimed him a strong and valiant soul. Strong men can well afford to be gentle—those who know can well cultivate silence.

The young man did not storm the doors of the Alcazar. No, at Madrid he went quietly to work copying Titians in the gallery, and incidentally painting portraits—royalty must come to him. He had faith in his power: he could wait. His wife knew the Court would call him—he knew it, too—the Court of Spain needed

Velasquez. It is a fine thing to make yourself needed. [Nearly a year had passed, and Velasquez gave it out quietly that he was about to return to his home in Seville. Artistic Madrid rubbed its eyes. The Minister of State, the great Olivares, came to him with a commission from the King and a goodly payment in advance, begging that as soon as he had made a short visit to Seville, he should return to Madrid. Apartments had already been set aside for him in the Alcazar Palace. Would he not kindly comply?

Such a request from the King was really equal to an order. Velasquez surely had no intention of declining the compliment since he had angled for it most ingeniously; but he took a little time to consider it. Of course he talked it over with his wife and her father, and we can imagine they had a quiet little supper by themselves in honor of the event.

And so in the month of May, 1623, Diego de Silva Velasquez duly became a member of the Royal Household, and very soon was the companion, friend, advisor and attendant of the King—that post which he was to hold for thirty-six years, ere Death should call him hence.





HE farmer thinks that place and power are fine things, but let him know that the President has paid dear for his White House," said the sage of Concord.

The most miserable man I ever knew was one who married a rich woman, managed her broad acres, looked after her bonds and made

report of her stocks. If the stocks failed to pay dividends, or the acres were fallow, my friend had to explain why to the tearful wife and sundry sarcastic next of kin.

(I) The man was a Jeffersonian Democrat and preached the Life of Simplicity, because we always preach about things that are not ours. He rode behind horses that had docked tails, and apologized for being on earth to an awful butler in solemn black.

The man had married for a home—he got it. When he wanted funds for himself, he was given dole, or else was put to the necessity of juggling the Expense Account. If he wished to invite friends to his home, he had to prove them standard-bred, morally sound in wind and limb, and free from fault or blemish.

The good man might have lived a thoroughly happy life, with everything supplied that he needed, but he acquired the Sanatarium Habit, for which there is no cure but poverty. And this man could not be poor even if he wanted to, for there were no grounds for divorce. His wife loved him dearly, and her income of five

thousand dollars a month came along with startling regularity, willy nilly.

Finally, at Hot Springs, death gave him treatment and he was freed from pain.

From this o'er-time incident it must not be imagined that wealth and position are bad things. Health is potential power. Wealth is an engine that can be used for good if you are an engineer; but to be tied to the fly-wheel of an engine is rather unfortunate. Had my friend been big enough to rise supreme over horses with docked tails, to subjugate a butler, to defy the next of kin and manage the wife (without letting her know it) all would have been well.

But it is a Herculean task to cope with the handicap of wealth. Mediocre men can endure failure, for as Robert Louis, the beloved, has pointed out, failure is natural, but worldly success is an abnormal condition. In order to stand success you must be of very stern fibre, with all the gods on your side.

The Alcazar Palace looked strong, solid and self-sufficient on the outside. But inside, like every Court, it was a den of quibble, quarrel, envy, and the hatred that tinctured with fear, knocks an anvil chorus from day-dawn to dark.

A thousand people made up the household of Philip IV. Any one of these could be dismissed in an hour—the power of Olivares, the Minister, was absolute. Very naturally there were plottings and counter-plottings. (A Court is a prison to most of its inmates; no

freedom is there—thought is strangled and inspiration is still-born.

Yet life is always breaking through. When locked in a cell in a Paris prison, Horace Greeley wrote, "Thank God, at last I am free from intrusion."

Stone walls do not a prison make Nor iron bars a cage,

laughed Lovelace. Have not some of the great books of the world been written in prison? Things work by antithesis; and if your discipline is too severe, you get no discipline at all. Puritanical pretence, hypocrisy and a life of repression, with "thou shalt not" set on a hair-trigger, have made more than one man bold, genuine and honest. Draw the bow far enough this way and your arrow will go a long way that. Forbid a man to think for himself or to act for himself, and you may add the joy of piracy and the zest of smuggling to his life.

In the Spanish Court, Velasquez found life a lie, public manners an exaggeration, etiquette a pretence, and all the emotions put up in sealed cans. Fashionable Society is usually nothing but Canned Life. Look out for explosions! Velasquez held the balance true by an artistic courage and an audacity of private thought that might not have been his in a freer atmosphere. He did not wear his art upon his sleeve—he outwardly conformed, but inwardly his soul towered over every petty annoyance, and all the vain power of the fearing and quibbling little princes touched him not.



PAIN, under the rule of Philip II., grew great. Her ships sailed every sea—the world contributed to her wealth. Art comes after a surplus has accumulated, and the mere necessities of life have been provided. Philip built great palaces, founded schools, gave encouragement to the handicrafts, and sent

his embassies scouring the world for the treasures of Art. The King was a practical man, blunt, far-seeing, direct. He knew the cost of things, studied out the best ways, ascertained right methods. He had the red corpuscle, the deep convolution, and so was King. His ministers did his bidding.

The grim sarcasm of entailed power is a thing so obvious that one marvels it has escaped the recognition of mankind until yesterday. But stay! men have always seen its monstrous absurdity—hence the rack.

The Spanish Inquisition, in which Church and State combined against God, seems an awful extreme to show the depths of iniquity to which Pride married to Hypocrisy can sink. Yet martyrdom has its compensation. The spirit flies home upon the wings of victory, and in the very moment of so-called defeat, the man has the blessed consolation that he is still master of his fate—captain of his soul.

The lesson of the Inquisition was worth the price—the martyrs bought freedom for us. The fanged dogs

of war, once turned loose upon the man who dared to think, have left as sole successor only a fat and harmless poodle, known as Social Ostracism. This poodle is old. toothless and given over to introspection; it has to be fed on pap; its only exercise is to exploit the horse-blocks, doze in milady's lap, and dream of a long lost canine paradise. The dog-catcher awaits around the corner. ¶ Philip III. was an etiolate & perfumed dandy. In him culture had begun to turn yellow. Men who pride themselves upon their culture have n't any of which to speak. All the beauties of art, this man thought were exclusively for him and his precious company of lisping exquisites and giggling, mincing queans. The thought that those who create beauty are also they who possess it, never dawned upon this crack-pated son of tired sheets.

He lived to enjoy—and so he never enjoyed anything. Surfeit and satiety overtook him in the royal hogwallow; digestion and zest took flight. Philip III. speedily became a wooden Indian on wheels, moved by his Minister of State, the Duke of Lerma.

Huge animals sustain huge parasites, and so the Court of Philip III., with its fools, dwarfs, idiots and all of its dancing, jiggling, juggling, wasteful folly, did not succeed in wrecking the land. When Philip III. traveled he sent hundreds of men ahead to beat the swamps, day and night, in the vicinity of his royal presence, so as to silence the frogs. He thought their croaking was a personal matter meant for him.

I think he was right. ¶ How the Lords of Death must chuckle in defiant glee when they send malaria and night into the palaces of the great through cracks and crevices! Philip's bloated, unkingly body became full of disease and pain; lingering unrest racked him; the unseen demons he could not exorcise, danced on his bed, wrenched his members and played mad havoc with each quivering nerve. ¶ And so he died.

Then comes Philip IV., immortal through his forty portraits painted by Velasquez. Philip was only fourteen when his father died. He was a rare-ripe and showed strength and decision far beyond his years. His grandfather, Philip II., was his ideal, and he let it be known right speedily that his reign was to be one of moderation and simplicity, modeled along the lines of Philip the Great.

The Duke of Lerma, Minister of State, who had so long been the actual ruler of Spain, was deposed and into his place slipped the suave and handsome Olivares, Gentleman-in-Waiting to the young King.

Olivares was from Seville, and had known the family of Velasquez. It was through his influence that Diego so soon got the nod of royalty. The King was eighteen, Velasquez was twenty-four, and Olivares not much older—all boys together. And the fact that Velasquez secured the appointment of Court Painter with such ease was probably owing to his dashing horsemanship, as much as to his being a skillful painter.

At Harvard once I saw a determined effort made to

place a famous "right tackle" in the chair of Assistant Professor of Rhetoric. The plan was only given over with great reluctance, when it was discovered that the "right tackle" was beautifully ignorant of the subject he would have to tackle. Even then it was argued he could "cram"—keeping one lesson in advance of his class ##

But Olivares knew Velasquez could paint, and the artist's handsome face, stalwart frame and fearless riding did the rest. The young King was considered the best horseman in Madrid—Velasquez and Olivares took pains never to outdo him in the joust.

The biography of Olivares as a study of life is a better subject far than either the life of Velasquez or the King. Their lives were too successful to be interesting. Olivares is a fine example of a man growing great through exercise. Read history and behold how commonplace men have often had greatness thrust upon them and met the issue. I have seen an absurd Class B lawyer elevated into a judgeship, and rise to the level of events, keeping silence, looking wise, hugging his dignity hard, until there came a time when the dignity really was a fair fit. Trotters often need toeweights to give them ballast and balance—so do men need responsibility. We have had at least three commonplace men for President of the United States, who live in history as adequately great—and they were. Various and sundry good folk will here arise and say the germ of greatness was in these men all the time.

awaiting the opportunity to unfold. And the answer is correct, right and proper; but a codicil should then be added to the effect that the germ of greatness is in every man, but we fall victims of arrested development, and success or society, like a worm i' the bud, feeds on our damask cheek.

Philip was nipped i' the bud by falling into the protecting shadow of Olivares. The Prime Minister provided boar-hunts and tourneys and masquerades and fetes. Philip's life of simplicity faded off into dressing in black-all else went on as before. Philip glided into the line of least resistance and signed every paper that he was told to sign by his gracious, winning, inflexible Minister—the true type of the iron hand in the velvet glove. From his twentieth year, after that first little flurry of pretended power, the novelty of ruling wore away; and for over forty years he never either vetoed an act or initiated one. His ministers arranged his recreations, his gallantries, his hours of sleep. He was ruled and never knew it, and here the Richelieu-like Olivares showed his power. It was anything to keep the King from thinking, and Spain, the Mother of Magnificence, went drifting to her death. There were already three Court Painters when Velasquez received his appointment. They were Italians appointed by Philip III. Their heads were full of tradition and precedent, and they painted like their masters who had been pupils of men who had worked with Titian—beautiful attenuations three times reduced.

We only know their names now because they raised a pretty chorus of protest when Velasquez appeared at the palace. They worked all the wires they knew to bring about his downfall, and then dwindled away into chronic Artistic Jealousy, which finally struck in; and they were buried. That the plots, challenges and constant knockings of these underling court painters ever affected Velasquez, we cannot see. He swung right along at prodigious strides, living his own life,—a life outside and beyond all the pretence and vanity of place and power.

The King came by a secret passage daily to the studio to watch Velasquez work. There was always a chair for him, and the King even had an easel and sets of brushes and a palette where he played at painting. Pacheco, who had come up to Madrid and buzzed around, encroaching on the Samuel Pepys copyright, has said that the King was a skilled painter. But this statement was for publication during the King's lifetime of of

When Velasquez could not keep the King quiet in any other way, it seems he made him sit for his picture. The studio was never without an unfinished portrait of the King. From eighteen to sixty he sat to Velasquez—and it is always that same tall, spindle-legged, impassive form and the dull, unspeaking face. There is no thought there, no aspiration, no hope too great for earth, no unrequited love, no dream unrealized. The King was incapable of love as he was of hate.

And Velasquez did not use his art to flatter; he had the artistic conscience. Truth was his guiding star. And the greatness of Velasquez is shown in that all subjects were equally alike to him. He did not select the classic or peculiar. Little painters are always choosing their subjects and explaining that this or that may be pretty or interesting, but they will tell you it is "unpaintable"—which means that they cannot paint it.

["I can write well on any topic—all are alike to me!" said Dean Swift to Stella. "Then write me an essay on a broomstick," answered Stella.

And Swift wrote the essay—full of abstruse reasons, playful wit and charming insight.

The long, oval, dull face of Philip lured Velasquez. He analyzed every possible shade of emotion of which this man was capable, and stripped his soul bare. The sallow skin, thin curling locks, nerveless hands and unmeaning eyes are upon the walls of every gallery of Christendom,—matchless specimens of the power to sink self, and reveal the subject.

That is why Whistler is right when he says that Velasquez is the painters' painter. "The Blacksmith" by Whistler shows you the blacksmith, not Whistler; Rembrandt's pictures of his mother show the woman; Franz Hals gives you the Burgomaster, not himself. Shakespeare of all writers is the most impersonal—he does not give himself away.

When Rubens painted a portrait of Philip II. he put a dash of daring, exuberant health in the face that was

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never there. The health and joy of life was in Rubens and he could not keep it off his palette. There is a sameness in every Rubens, because the imagination of the man ran over, and falsified his colors: he always gives you a deal of Rubens.

But stay! that expression "sinking self," is only a figure of speech. At the last the true artist never sinks self: he is always supreme and towers above every subject, every object that he portrays. The riotous health and good cheer of Rubens marked the man's limitations. He was not great enough to comprehend the small, the delicate, the insignificant and the absurd. Only a very great man can paint dwarfs, idiots, topers and kings. And so the many-sidedness of the great man continually deceives the world into thinking that he is the thing with which he associates; or, on the other hand, we say he "sinks self" for the time, whereas the truth is that in his own nature he comprehends the Whole. Shakespeare being the Universal Man, we lose him in the labyrinth of his winding and wondrous imagination. The great comprehends the less.

The beginner paints what he sees; or, more properly, he paints what he thinks he sees. If he grows he will next paint what he imagines, as Rubens did. Then there is another stage which completes the spiral and comes back to the place of beginning,—and the painter will again paint what he sees.

This Velasquez did, and this is what sets him apart. The difference between the last stage and the first is

that the artist has learned to see. • To write is nothing—to know what to write is much. To paint is nothing—to see and know the object you are attempting to portray, is everything.

"Shall I paint the thing just as I see it?" asked the ingenue of the great artist. "Why, yes," was the answer, "provided you do not see the thing as you paint it."



HE King and the Painter grew old together. They met on a common ground of horses, dogs, and art; and while the King used these things to kill time and cause him to forget self, the Painter found horses and dogs good for rest and recreation. But art was for Velasquez a religion, a sacred passion.

[Nominally the Court Painter ranked with the Court Barber, and his allowance was the same. But Velasquez ruled the King, and the King knew it not. Like all wasteful, dissolute men, Phillip IV. had spasms of repentance when he sought by absurd economy to atone for folly. We are all familiar with individuals who will blow to the four winds good money, and much of it, on needless meat and drink for those who are neither hungry nor athirst, and take folks for a carriage ride who should be abed, and then the next day buy a sandwich for dinner and walk a mile to save a five cent carfare. Some of us have done these things;

and so occasionally Philip would dole out money to buy canvas and complain of the size of it, and ask in injured tone how many pictures Velasquez had painted from that last bolt of cloth!

But Velasquez was a diplomat and humored his liege; yet when the artist died, the administrator of his estate had to sue the State for a settlement, and it was ten years before the final amount due the artist was paid. After twenty years of devotion Olivares—outmatched by Richelieu in the game of statecraft—fell into disrepute and was dismissed from office. Monarchies like republics are ungrateful. Velasquez sided with his old friend Olivares in the quarrel, and thus risked incurring the sore displeasure of the King. The King could replace his Minister of State, but there was no one to take the place of the artist; so Philip bottled his wrath, gave Velasquez the right of his private opinion, and refused to accept his resignation.

There seems little doubt that it was a calamity for Velasquez that Philip did not send him flying into disgrace with Olivares. Had Velasquez been lifted out on the toe of the King's displeasure, Italy would have claimed him, and the Vatican would have opened wide its doors. There, relieved of financial badgering, in the company of his equals, encouraged and uplifted, he might have performed such miracles in form and color that even the wonderful ceiling of the Chapel of the Sistine would have faded into mediocre.

And again he might not—what more idle and fascinat-

ing than such speculation? I That the King endured the calm rebuke of Velasquez, when Olivares was deposed, and still retained the Painter in favor, was probably because Rubens had assured the King that Velasquez as an artist was the master of any man in all Europe.

Velasquez made two trips to Italy, being sent on royal embassies to purchase statuary for the Prado Gallery, and incidentally to copy pictures. So there is many a Veronese, Tintoretto, and Titian now in the Prado that was copied by Velasquez.

Think of the value of a Titian copied by Velasquez? And so faithfully was the copying done, even to inserting the signature, initials and date, that much doubt exists as to what pictures are genuine and what copies of of

When Rubens appeared at the Court of Madrid, sent by the Duke of Mantua, with presents of Old Masters (done by himself) I cannot but imagine the quiet confession, with smiles and popping of corks, that occurred when the wise and princely Rubens, and the equally wise and princely Velasquez got together in some private corner.

The advent of Rubens at Madrid sent a thrill through the entire Court, and a lesser man than Velasquez would have quaked with apprehension when he found the King sitting to Rubens for a portrait in his own studio

Not so Velasquez—he had done the King on canvas a

score of times; no one else had ever been allowed to paint the King's portrait—and he was curious to see how the picture would come out.

Rubens, twenty-two years the senior of Velasquez, shrank a bit, it seems, from the contest, and connoisseurs have said that there is a little lack of the exuberant, joyous Rubenesque quality in the various pictures done by the gracious Fleming in Spain.

The taunt that many of the pictures attributed to Rubens were done by his pupils loses its point when we behold the prodigious amount of work that the master accomplished at Madrid in nine months—a dozen portraits, several groups, a score of pictures copied. And besides this, there was time for horse-back rides when the King, Rubens and Velasquez galloped away together, when they climbed mountains, and when there were fetes and receptions to attend. Rubens was then over fifty, but the fire of his youth and that joyous animation of the morning, the years had not subdued.

Velasquez had many pupils, but in Murillo his skill as a teacher is best revealed. Several of his pupils painted exactly like him, save that they neglected to breathe into the nostrils of their work the breath of life. But Velasquez seems to have encouraged Murillo to follow the bent of his moody and melancholy genius—so Murillo was himself, not a diluted Velasquez.

The strong administrative ability of Velasquez was prized by the King as much as his ability as a painter,

and he was, therefore, advanced to the position of Master of Ceremonies. In this work with its constant demand of close attention to petty details, his latter days were consumed. He died, aged sixty-one, a victim to tasks that were not worth the doing, but which the foolish King considered as important as painting deathless pictures.

So closely was the life of his wife blended with his own that in eight days after his passing, she followed him across the Border, although the physicians declared that she had no disease. Husband and wife were buried in one grave in a church that a hundred years later was burned and never rebuilt. No stone marks their resting place; and none is needed, for Velasquez lives in his work. The truth, splendor and beauty that he produced are on a hundred walls—the inspiration of men who do and dare—the priceless heritage of us who live today and those who shall come after.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF VELASQUEZ, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE, INITIALS AND ORNAMENTS BEING DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOKLET BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, MCMII ####

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